

XG

.3967

.20

Accessions

Shelf No.

XG 3967.20

Barton Library



Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.



I have been thinking of you
 and wondering how you are getting on.
 I hope you are well and happy.
 I have been very busy lately
 but I have managed to find some time
 to write you. I have been thinking
 of you very much and wondering
 how you are getting on. I hope
 you are well and happy. I have
 been very busy lately but I have
 managed to find some time to write
 you. I have been thinking of you
 very much and wondering how you
 are getting on. I hope you are well
 and happy. I have been very busy
 lately but I have managed to find
 some time to write you. I have
 been thinking of you very much and
 wondering how you are getting on.
 I hope you are well and happy.

THE

PER-JUROR.

As it is Acted at the THEATRE
in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

By Christ. Bullock.

Si Populus vult decipi, decipiatur.

To which is Added, The

JUROR,

A

FARCE.

✓ DUBLIN:

Printed, for THOMAS WILKINSON,
Book-Binder, in *High-street.*

(Price, 3d.)

THE
FUROR.

It is Added to the Tenth

in the

...

...

...

To which is Added, The

FUROR.

^

FARE.

...

...

...

...

...



THE

PREFACE.

I Find my self under a Necessity of troubling my Readers with a Preface, by Reason of a Report which has gone through the Town, very much to my Disadvantage, to wit, that I had calculated this FARCE purely to affront and expose a particular Gentleman, which is so far from my Intention, that I ever thought there was nothing more disingenuous in Dramatic Writings, than Reflections on particular Persons; 'Tis an Indiscretion I would not be thought guilty of; especially to affront the Gentleman, whom some ill-natur'd Persons have unjustly fix'd the Satyr upon, and for whom I always had a very great Respect.

No doubt there have been, and may be Persons, whom, like the Justice in the Farce, abuse their Commissions, and it has ever been a Priviledge peculiar to the Stage, to detect Vice in every Shape, and I think the most effectual Way of suppressing it, is to make it ridiculous.

Satyr

The P R E F A C E.

Satyr is undoubtedly a very useful W
and particularly in the Drama, for that t
principal End of it is to instruct the People
discrediting Vice, and may therefore be of gre
Advantage to a State, when taught to ke
within its Bounds ; but if Satyr once thro
off the Mask, and reprehends Vice too open
as by reflecting on Persons, I own it is not
be allow'd of.

When Shakespear, Johnson, Fletcher, ru
the Stage.

They took so bold a Freedom with t
Age,

That there was scarce a Knave or Fool
Town,

Of any Note, but had his Picture shown
And (without doubt) tho' some it may
offend,

Nothing helps more than Satyr to a-
mend

Ill Manners, or is trulier Virtue's Friend
Princes may Laws ordain, Priests grave
Preach.

But Poets most successfully will Teac
ROCHESTER

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. SPILLER.

So! how do you do good People?

WELL, I'm glad that any thing will bring you,

no Faith we've nothing but a Name to win you

and you that come expecting **PARTY-WIT**,

sure as you're alive now, you are all bit.

no doubt your Expectations all were big,

that this **PER-JUROR** was a furious

WHIG,

Wolf disguis'd, some sham Religious Preacher:

Yea-and-Nay Friend, or Anabaptist Teacher

; Politicks we cautiously disclaim;

no'd with fresh Fuel feed a Dying Flame;

we scorn a Shelter from that stale Pretence,

we screen with Party-Rage our Want of Sense;

our Author lashes not a **WHIG** or **TORY**;

but common Vices in a fictitious Story;

and I myself am thought a Subject fit

for Farce, (You know that needs but little Wit)

in these short Scenes my Character is shown,

so that, you'll say, already's too well known:

but for our Farce, yet hold, I will not say't,

it wou'd be Rashness to anticipate;

but let it rather wait, and stand the Test,

and sink on the Title, and you'll find the Jest.

tis Personæ.

M E N.

Justice Bind-over, a Coun- }
try Justice. } Mr. C. Bullo

Thorough-pace, a Constable, }
and a Creature of the } Mr. H. Bull
Justice's. }

Bellmour, a Country Gen- }
tleman. } Mr. William

Spoilem, }
Merry-Andrew } Actors } Mr. Spiller.
Joseph Idle } } Mr. Scot.
Clerk. } } Mr. Egleton.
} } Mr. Griffin.

W O M E N.

Isabella. Mrs. Robertson.
Actress. Mrs. Finch.

Barns, Servant to the Justice.

S C E N E.

A Mob, a Country Market-Town



THE PER-JUROR.

SCENE I.

Enter Bellmour and Thorough-pace.

Bellmour.

ELL, Mr. *Thorough-pace*, thus far you have managed Matters like a Statesman; and on the Success of this Project my future Happiness depends: For what is Life without my *Isabella*?

Thor. And what is Life, say I, without Money? That's the *Axis* on which the whole World turns, the

ty to which all Men sacrifice; some their Honours, Reputation, Families, Relations, nay, Wives and Daughters, Countries, and Religions: In short Sir, in wife, and know there is no Crime like Poverty.— You love *Isabella*; I like five hundred Guineas better, which you have promis'd me, if I carry my Point; and what signifies a little Perjury? —there's many an honest Man keeps a Wife and Family by it.

Bell. But did the Justice readily grant you a War-

Thor. At



Thor. At the first Word, Sir; why 'tis bringing C to his own Mill: — Ay, you don't know what a g Trade a Justice o' th' Peace is, at least as this old l low makes it.

Bell. A cunning Knave this!

Thor. If you please, I will in a short Digression open to you the whole Mystery of Iniquity; it w interrupt our Business.

Bell. With all my Heart, Mr. *Thorough-pace*.

Thor. You must know, here is an old Fellow, qu fied with Ill-Nature and Avarice, by the Help o little Money, and some Interest, gets into the Comi sion: He entertains a Clerk, some broken Attorn (for they make the best Clerks;) he consequently more Sense than the Justice, at least more Law; for their Honesty they are generally upon a Par. Fees are divided into four Parts; the Justice has t the Clerk one, and the Favourite Constable the oth

Bel. Very well.

Thor. Besides which, the Justice, out of his D dence, allows twenty Shillings a Week to a Cou of *Informers*, (which are vulgarly called *Informers*) ar handing the Treat now and then to the Watch-men, knocking Gentlemen down in the Streets, and swea Riots against 'em the next Morning.

Bell. But this is a most Villainous Way of get Money.

Thor. I don't know, Master, but every Man is wil to make the best of his Place; we inferior Magistr can plead both great and ancient Examples; e Man must have his Share of Profit; the Comn wealth is a great Machine, composed of many great small Wheels, and every one must be greased. V Sir, here is this old Justice *Bind-over*; if he had fift Family, it would not cost him Two-pence all the for Bread and Meat.

Bell. No! how is that possible?

Thor. Why, *Sunday* Morning is his Market-day, w he never fails to take from Butchers, Bakers, and P terers, who venture to sell to poor Workmen that c

a *Saturday* Night, Beef, Bread, and Fowl enough to sustain his House the ensuing Week.

What a wicked Caitiff must this be! I suppose very severe upon these poor Actors.

Oh! he always had an Aversion to *Players*, and of any Opportunity to express his Resentment. 'tis time now to put my Warrant in Execution against them.

Well, I have my License in my Pocket, and they are prepared for the Parson and my self; we'll go on immediately, and then get among the *Actors*; sure don't you fail to seize us among the rest.

I warrant you, and swear against you too and the rest.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene Changes: Enter Justice Bindon and Isabella.

Look ye, Sweetheart, I wou'd advise you not to part with my Love; Consider your Father left you to me, and your Fortune is at my Disposal.

But my Heart is at my own, and I'm resolv'd to part with my Hand without it.

And I am resolv'd never to part with your Fortune unless you give both Heart and Hand to me.

Come, come, old Guardian, 'tis in my Power to give you; Necessity may perhaps oblige me to give you my Hand, but depend on't you'll never have my Love: Tho' perhaps I may flatter you into a Belief you have: Nay, upon Consideration, I don't know how I can consent to Marry you; for then I am sure to be in my Power to break your Heart in a Month; when my Person and my Fortune will be both in my Power.

This is talking at Random; I am sure you are a Person you wou'd have me take you to be.

Isab. Indeed I am ; tho' I am sure you are not Person you wou'd have me take you to be.

Just. We shou'd make a very happy Couple.

Isab. Good Guardian, have the Fear of Cuckold before your Eyes, and think no more of Matrimo — 'tis ridiculous in you to think of taking a g House, when you have not wherewithal to furnish — and a fine Tenement won't stand empty very long in this popular City : In short, Guardian, I have my Heart upon a young Man, and will make use of the first Opportunity to run away with him, and your humble Servant.

Just. Oh ! your Servant *Mrs. Wagtail.* Od ! the Girls have strange Notions in their Heads ; *Culpeper* Midwifery, and *Aristotle's* Problems, have spoil'd the young Women in Town ; they are skill'd in *Theory* at Twelve Years old, and then run mad for *Practical* Part : ——— Oh ! here comes *Mittimus* Clerk.

Enter the Clerk.

So, *Mittimus*, did you tell *Thorough-pace* to bring Players directly away to me ?

Clerk. I did, an't shall please your Worship, and obey your Worship's Commands to a Tittle.

Just. And so he ought, for he owes all he's worth to me ; I rais'd him first from a common *Evidence*, and ordinary *Per-juror*, and paltry *Informers*, to a petty Constable ; and finding him well qualify'd, have given him due Encouragement : ——— Now, *Mittimus*, lay before me the *Statutes* against *Vagabonds*, that I may bring 'em over before these Players come : I'll Players I'll see what Power they have to Act in my Jurisdiction I'll rout 'em out of this Town, I'm resolv'd.

Clerk. The Statutes are upon the Table, Sir.

Just. Now, tell the Cook to boil the Leg of Mutton I took from the Butcher last *Sunday* Morning, and put the Beef in Salt against next Week ; and let the Cabbages be boil'd that I took from the Herb-Woman over the way ; and the two Loaves that were taken from *Brand* the Baker, (that's a sad Rogue, I ha

fight against him, and *Thorough-pace* shall swear a Riot against him the next Bonfire Night) let them be made to a Pudding.

Clerk. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Just. I'll teach them to sell Things on a Sunday, I'll, a Pack of prophane Wretches, that have no Respect to the Sabbath; and yet I hope they won't have the Grace to leave it off.

Enter the Clerk.

Clerk. Sir, there's one Goodman *Conscience* desires to speak with your Worship.

Just. Pho! I'm not at leisure now——hold———
y,——Goodman *Conscience*——let me see——I have heard of such a one——Goodman *Conscience*——he can't be in the City,——and I am sure I know no such one the other End of the Town.

Clerk. No, Sir, he looks as if he liv'd in the Country; is very Poor and Shabby.

Just. Goodman *Conscience*——he can't be an Attorney,——is he a Parson?

Clerk. I don't know but he may——but he does not wear a Gown.

Just. Odso! now I call it to mind, I had such an acquaintance formerly,——but it's a great while ago; Goodman *Conscience*——Ay, ay,——but I have had no acquaintance with him since I was sworn into the Commission; nor, to tell you the Truth, don't desire it;——is a troublesome Fellow, that same *Conscience* is, and I must put him off.

Clerk. Won't your Worship speak with him then?

Just. No, Sirrah, I won't have any Thing to say to him;——Go Sirrah, go tell this Fellow, this same *Conscience*, I am not at leisure to speak with him, I am busy about State Affairs,——I am reading the Statutes:——And, do you hear? if ever *Conscience* comes again, when I am not at Home——Hold, Sirrah, you are going away with half your Errand,——be sure you never send him after me to *Change-Alley*.

Clerk. No, no, Sir, I believe he does not know the way thither.

Just. Hark

Just. Hark ye, *Mittimus*, you may tell Goodm Conscience I have no Business for him my self; but would have him go to *Westminster* next Term, for there will be some Lawyers there, whom I know will wait on him very much.

Enter Thorough-pace, with several Players in their Habit
Bellmour drest like a Player, with him a Parson in a Friar's Habit.

Thor. Make way, make way there——May it please your Worship, according to your Worship's Command I have serv'd your Warrant upon these Players, who I took in the very Breach of the Law, acting prophane Interludes.

Just. 'Tis very well; you have done your Duty, Mr. Thorough-pace. Hark you, ——a Word in your Ear: [They whisper]

Enter Isabella.

Bell. Now, my Dear *Isabella*, this is the Crisis of my Fate; I have made use of this Stratagem to obtain the Liberty of this Gentleman is in Orders, whom I have brought hither to do us the good Office; let us take this Opportunity of retiring out of the Crowd into another Room, and put it out of Fortune's Power ever to cross us more.

Isab. Follow me this Moment.

[Exit *Isab.* *Bell.* and *Friar*]

Thor. Yes, yes, and please you, I'll swear as much as your Worship thinks fit against them: You know, Sir, I was never backward of serving Your Worship upon any Occasion. ——But what would you be pleased to have me swear?

Just. Oh, you need no Instruction, Mr. Thorough-pace ——swear as you do upon common Occasions, ——what comes uppermost: I only desire to bind 'em over, and shall be satisfied with my Fees, and five Pieces afterwards to stifle the Indictment. Come, set the Prison before me. ——Well, Gentlemen, how comes that notwithstanding the late Act against Vagrancy a

Act

ors of Interludes, you dare, in Contempt of the
v, exhibit your prophane Drolls, ha ?

boil. May it please your Worship, it has been a Cu-
n for many Years to Act in this Place, at this time
' Year.

ust. I don't value the Custom ; *Malus usus abolendus*
and the Actors punish'd : I am for a thorough
ormation, and with the Zeal of an upright Magi-
te will pursue it : I lock up my own Cat every Sa-
ay Night, lest she shou'd break the Law, and catch
e on a *Sunday* : I will scourge Vice out of my Juris-
n ; I have ferrited every Hole, Crack and Cranny
he Parish, that Vice could but put its Head into.

hor. Ay, his Worship is a notable Man at a Bawdy-
se.

ust. Right, Mr. *Thorough-pace* ; there is not a Bawdy-
se in the Parish, that I am not acquainted with ; I
them twice or thrice a Week at least : Let me alone
Lewdness : If there be a Whore more than ordinary
e Parish, I presently scent her out, I warrant you.

hor. Ay, his Worship has a special Nose that Way.

ust. Ay, ay, Mr. *Thorough-pace*, let me alone with
lewd Women ; I love to have the handling of
n my self ; I never fail to tickle 'em off—— But
e, Mr. *Thorough-pace*, bring that Fellow in the
h'd Coat before me. ——— Well, what is your
ne ?

oil. *James Spoilem* ; I am Master of the Company,
all these are my Servants.

ust. What do you act in this Play ?

oil. A Fool, and like your Worship.

ust. A Fool ? Well, but what do you say in this
?

oil. Say ? —— Why, I say abundance of silly things,
like your Worship, and make People laugh at

ust. Well, and what are you ?

oil. What am I ? Why, I am a Gentleman, and a
cal Dog, if you did but know me.

ust. What Religion are you of ?

Spoil.

Spoil. Religion?——Hum!——Why truly I have not fix'd upon any yet, nor I believe shan't, till Times are settled.

Just. Where do you live?

Spoil. I live? I don't live any where, not I.

Just. What Parish are you of?

Spoil. No Parish at all.——Looke, I desire your Worship would not ask me many Questions about self, for I don't know any Man in the World that know so little of. I have been very unaccountable great while: The best Account I can give of myself is this; I love every Body but my self and a Bastard and I hate him for his *Actions*. I never lie three times in one Bed, unless I am lock'd in the Room, and have no constant Lodging but the *Round-house*.

Just. Mr. *Thorough-pace*, have an Eye to this Man, I don't care to trust him.

Spoil. No, nor no body else that knows me.

Just. A very pretty Relation, truly!——Well *Thorough-peace*, what have you to swear against this son?

Thor. Why, an't please your Worship, I saw this Man flie away with the Devil.

Spoil. You lie, the Devil flew away with me, and I will with you, if you don't learn to speak Truth: I don't believe he'll be so civil to you, as he was to me for he brought me back again.

Just. Do you know, Mr. *Spoilem*, that there is a Popish Canon which says, *Excommunicatio Theatrica*?

Spoil. This Justice is certainly a Fool for speaking of it to me, and I believe he knows as little of it as I. Egad I'll speak to him again.——Your Worship is right, there is such a Cannon; but then you are to consider it is a *Popish* Canon, and that signifies nothing in this Case than a Pot-Gun; besides, the Statute says, *Non est Iusticius Excommunicatio Actoris Domine*.

Just. You say right, Mr. *Spoilem*, I understand you.

Spoil. Egad, it's more than any body else does. Faith, I thought this Justice was an old Woman.

Just. I remember, Mr. *Spoliem*, a parallel Case diatrically opposite to this, touching one *touching* a Fellow, who was observ'd to write a Paper called the *Obvator*:——But, now I think of it, I have forgot it.

Thor. But, may it please your Worship, this Man ore as I brought him along.

Just. How! did you swear, Sir?

Spoil. Hum——swear?——Why truly I don't know y Man in the Company was likelier to swear than y self.

Thor. Indeed he swore, I'll take my Oath of it: Give the Book.

Spoil. Ay, ay, give him the Book; he's an honest fellow, I perceive, and will swear any thing.

Just. Well, Sir, you must pay a Shilling.

Spoil. But one Shilling? Why, Sir, I am a Gentleman.

Just. Then you must pay two.

Spoil. There they are; and now I am a clear Man.

Just. Clerk, write down *James Spoilem* two Shillings an Oath.

Spoil. Hold, Mr. *Goose-quill*, pray write *James Spoliem*, nt.—*Gent.*—d' you see—*James Spoliem, Gent.*——I've paid a Shilling extraordinary for that.

Just. Stand you by. Now, Sir, what are you?

Merr. I am a Merry-Andrew, and like your Worship.

Just. Where do you live?

Merr. In *Duke's Place*.

Just. Where is that?

Merr. Just by a Street.

Just. Just by a Street? But in what Parish do you live?

Merr. In *Duke's Place*.

Just. Why, what Church do you go to?

Merr. I never go to Church, Sir.

Just. O terrible! he's a *Papist*, I warrant.

Merr. No, I am a *Jew*, and like your Worship.

Just. A *Jew*? Oh, 'that's well!—A *Jew*?—Truly, was afraid he had been a *Papist*. A *Jew*,—Well, d what is your Christian Name, Friend?

Merr.

Merr. Sir, I have no Christian Name; I am called *Mordecai*.

Just. Stand you by. Now, Woman, what is your Name?

Player. *Joseph* Idle, and please your Worship.

Just. How! *Joseph*? Why, Woman, that's a Man's Name.

Thor. May it please your Worship, this is a Man dressed in Women's Cloaths.

Just. O prophane! prophane! A Man in Women's Cloaths? Why, how shall we know the Men from Women at this rate? This is very prophane!—Vet the other before me.—Well, good Woman, you a Man too?

Actress. Do I look like a Man, an't please your Worship?

Just. Nay marry, there is no finding you out by the Looks at this rate: Let me see my Spectacles.—Hum! I profess, a pretty Woman, a very pretty Woman. Stoop a little—a fine Breast!—ah! ah!—Let me feel of your Hand—ha! ah!

Actr. Your Worship squeezes me too hard.

Just. Her Hand is none of the softest; I believe she has been a Clear-Starcher. Why, what pity 'tis you should be among such a Set of People: I profess, your Bowels yearn for thee, to think of thy wicked Profession.—Lookee now, if she does not blush!—Well, 'tis pity to expose her before the Crowd; she has some Modesty, and I will endeavour to convert her. Mr. *Thorough-pace*, conduct the Gentlewoman to my Drawing-Room, I will examine her by myself.

[*Exit Thor. and Actr.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. May it please your Worship, Mr. *Catch'em* the Constable has brought a lewd Woman to be examined before your Worship.

Just. Is she a young Woman?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Just. Then I will go and examine her in my Chamber.

[*Exit Just.*]
[*Spoken*]

[Spoil. Gets into the Justice's Chair, and speaks three Lines of Cato.]

" Fathers, we once again are met in Council ;

" *Cæsar's* Approach has summon'd us together,

" And *Rome* attends her Fate from our Resolves.

Clerk. Ah, Mr. *Spoilem*, you are a comical Man ; I now you very well.

Spoil. Do you indeed ? Well——and ha——what are you, a Man, or a shotten Herring ?

Clerk. I am one of the Justice's Clerks, as simple as I stand here : Lord ! I had once a great Mind to be an Actor my self ; I could speak Speeches very well.

Spoil. Could you really ? Why, we want handsome young Players, and I'll help you into the House.

Clerk. Can you indeed ?——Well ! I vow and swear I'd give any thing to be a Player.——But can you help me into the House ?

Spoil. Yes, yes ; Why I teach all the young Actors my self : Have you a mind to be in the House ?

Clerk. Yes, indeed have I, if you'll get me in.

Spoil. That I will ; but you must give me Ten Shillings Entrance.

Clerk. Ay, that I will with all my Heart : There is the Money.

Spoil. Well, what are you for, *Tragedy* or *Comedy* ?

Clerk. O ! Genteel *Comedy* ! a soft Lover ! or a Hero now ! such as *Alexander*, *Oroonoko*, or *Hannibal* !

Spoil. Nay, you are too handsome to play low *Comedy*.——Well, now I must hear you speak a Speech in *Tragedy*.

Clerk " Conquest with Laurels did my Arms adorn.

Spoil. Hold, get o' top o' the Tables and speak it there, then every body will see you. [*Instructs him how to speak.*]

Very well ! now you shall hear me speak. [*Speaks some Lines out of Alexander Burlesqu'd.*]

" Thus *Newgate*, when in Prospect, bars the Eye,

" Which, pleas'd and free, wou'd over *Snow-hill*

" flie.

" To *Helbourn-Hill*, or any Hill as high.

" Farewell

“ Farewell then Wenching, and the Jokes of Love
 “ By all the Gods, I'll to the Tavern move,
 “ Call for the best, and pay my Money down,
 “ And quite forget that er'e I scór'd a Crown.

Enter Justice and Thorough-pace.

Just. Well, Mr. *Thorough-pace*, let me have your Deposition, and I'll bind 'em all over together. [*Reads.*

The Depositions of *John Fig*, Grocer, in the Parish of *Gotham*, and *Nehemiah Thorough-pace*, Constable in the said Parish, depose before the Worshipful Justice *Bindover*, that hearing of prophane and unlawful Practices committed in the abovesaid Parish of *Gotham* by acting of Drolls and Interludes; they were moved by the Love they bear to Virtue and Piety, to go and suppress the Acting thereof: And these Deponents swear, that going into the Stable where they acted they saw *James Spoilem* flie away with the Devil—— O sad! *Joseph Idle* sing in Womens Apparel, *Martha Greensick* play a Virtuous Maid——I think she ought to be sent to the Workhouse——*John Martin* make Love in a violent Manner——Here's wicked Doing——And *Judith Hoyden* wish she might never be married:——O sad! O sad!——And further, these Deponents say not.

'Tis very well! Gentlemen, you must go into the next Room, and send for your Bail, for I am oblig'd to bind you all over. [*Exeunt*

Now will I go visit the Player Woman, for I profess I find my Inclination stirring.

[*Exit*

Enter Justice and Actress.

Actr. This is surprising; I did not expect to have heard such Discourse from a Person of Gravity, and a Magistrate too! O fie upon it!

Just. A Magistrate? What then, do you think I don't love a pretty Woman? Verily but I do: Ay, and I——! Who can look upon those Bubbies, and not wish to——Ah, ah, give me one Kiss.

Actr. Oh! I swear I'll call out.

Just.

Just. If you do, adod I'll bind you over——One
is more——Ah Rogue!

Enter Bellm. Isab. and Thor. listening.

Bell. Here's an old wanton Goat!

Thor. This is not the first private Examination of
s.

Astr. Well, I never met with any thing so wick-

Just. Nor I with any thing so tempting——Had
ot you better fling off this prophane Apparel, leave
our scandalous Profession, be a Justice's House-keeper,
to Church once a Week, and live in good Reputa-
on?

Astr. How can you be so wicked!

Just. Psha! you are a Fool; there's nothing Wick-
d, but what is Publick: 'Tis not the Sin, but the
knowledge of it, which distinguishes the Thief from
he——But if every one were to wear his Con-
science upon his Sleeve, I know what I know; marry,
every Man would keep his Hands in his own Pockets,
and cry, Stand clear Brother.

Astr. This Opinion of every body's Wickedness is
nly a Proof of your own; for your Eyes being dis-
temper'd, every Person seems Yellow to you, which
is not the Fault of the Object, but the foul Per-
spective you look thro': You judge of Mankind from
your own corrupt Mind, and draw Conclusions from
base and rotten Principles.

Just. Psha! this is talking of nothing at all: What
ignifies a Pint of cool Reason, when a Man is sous'd
over Head and Ears in a Hogshead of scalding-hot
Love? or chopping of Logick, when he's stark mad to
be kissing of Lips? I tell thee, thou hast the worst No-
tions to thrive by that are: The World is all a Cheat,
and Virtue but a Disguise, which, 'tis true, should
never be thrown off, but where a Man knows his Com-
pany: Do but devoutly cast your Eyes upwards, and
'tis no matter where your Hands are, in the Pocket or
Placket.

Astr. If I should tell this!

Just.

Just. I would forswear it, and then, from our Characters the World would believe it Malice. Od, y don't know me, I am a wicked old Dog——

Act. So I perceive.

Just. Why, I have sent one Whore to the Work House, when I have had another in my Closet at the same Time; but we must punish some for Example or else in a little Time the poor People wou'd be wicked as their Betters.

Bel. Your humble Servant, Mr. *Justice*.—Nay, do be startled, your Worship is a wicked old Dog.

Just. O the Devil! Have they over-heard all Whi way got you into my House?

Bel. By the help of Disguise, and this honest Gentleman, I was brought in among the Players, and now come to demand my Wife's Fortune.

Just. What! Have you married the Jade then?

Bel. I have.

Just. The Devil do you good with her then.

Bel. A very charitable Expression; but, Sir, to make short with you, I expect my Wife's Fortune to be paid down immediately, or I shall expose your Armours.

Just. I don't value your Spight, and since you have over-heard me, you know what you have to trust to I can forswear it.

Thor. I know you are pretty hard Mouth'd upon Occasion, but here are four Witnesses, of which I am one, a Child of your own Teaching, a notable *Per-juror*, as I believe a Match for your Worship, swear as fast as you will.

Just. Ah Rogue, *Thorough-pace*, are you in the Confederacy too?

Thor. Diamonds cut Diamonds, that's all; I only serve my Client; Interest is my Fundamental Principle as well as your Worships, and for that, I can swear as fast against you as ever I did for you.

Just. Oh how wicked the World is grown! What become of Honesty, when Rogues can't be true to one another! Well, there is no Help——and I will be honest

est, — since 'tis not in my Power to be otherwise. —
ou shall have her Fortune.

Bel. That's all I ask ; and for the future, I would
ave you less Zealous against publick Follies, and be-
in a Reformation in your own Family : Forbear to
ersecute your Neighbours, and correct your self.

*No Wonder if the Sheep do miss the Way,
When those who ought to guide 'em run astray :
If Vice you would correct, this Maxim know,
Your self should first a good Example shew.*

FINIS.



The Juror; a Farce. Written by W. I
formerly of S. John's College, Cham
bridge.

Here you may see what Hypocrites will do,
What various Villanies such Men run through,
What mighty Ills from Perjury proceed,
What Orphans ruin'd, and what Nations bleed;
What Treaties broke, what Monarchs been betray'd,
How Statesmen rise, and Tradesmens Fortunes made;
What e're Nonjurors teach we sadly know,
It is the Juror strikes the surest Blow.

The Non-juror a Comedy, as it is Act-
ed at the Theatre-Royal, by his Ma
jesty's Servants.

Printed for *George Risk*, at the *London in Dames'-Street*,
near the Horse Guard.



